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WEEKLY PEOPLE.

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VOL. X. NO. 17

NEW YORK, JULY 21, 1900.

PRICE 2 CENTS.

CIGAR MAKERS.

History of the Compers-Sras-Iser Union.

Unbroken Career of Failures—Unable to Resist March of Capitalism, Its Leaders Are Unwilling to Enlighten the Rank and File—These Decline to be Beneficiaries.

In this age of industrial progress there is no industry that has unconsciously made greater strides than the cigar industry. Its development has been phenomenal. Cigarmakers in general fail to recognize its development, and especially those connected with the cigarmakers union. One could travel over the United States and he would be astonished at the ignorance of cigarmakers in general, with regard to the changes in their craft, and would also find that their lack of knowledge was due to the form of organization of which they are part.

A great many honest, well-meaning men find fault with the Socialists for calling the leaders of the Cigarmakers International Union fakirs. But if ever a body of men earned such a title, the leaders of that organization are entitled to it. The ignorance of cigarmakers in general is due to the leaders misinforming them of the conditions existing in the trade, and the changes it has undergone in the past thirty-five years. If one were to listen to a speech by Sammy Compers to-day he would find it no different from what it was twenty years ago. Sammy gets off the same gush today that he got off then, except that he might give indirect testimony to the good work of the S. T. & L. A.

The Cigarmakers International Union was organized in 1864. Prior to that time there were a few isolated unions scattered throughout the country. Cigarmaking was a hand industry, and the occasion for formation of a national body had not arisen. With the introduction of the machine the necessity for united action became apparent, and the C. M. I. U. of A. was organized. The small dues of a cent per week was charged. At that time there was no junket trips around the country, \$5 a day and rail fare. There was no horde of label salesmen or financiers. The money was used to aid cigarmakers in securing better conditions, and they met with more success than to-day. With the advent of the machine came the subdivision of the work, the introduction of the bunch roller and roller. And how did the union meet it? By raising the dues in order to secure funds to fight the teamsters—and they fought in vain—the union prevailed.

They followed the tenement house system, and they met that with a general strike in 1877, which caused much suffering and cost lots of money; but it, too, was lost after a hard fight. At that time the fakir came in evidence. It is an open question to-day whether all the money went to. Next came the bunch making machine, which was met by the union with the union dues and higher dues, more agitators and resolutions galore at \$3 per day for the label and smaller earnings for the labelers.

Meanwhile factories were growing larger and fewer, and the number of cigarmakers was increasing and becoming more supporting to the union, whose expenses were increasing, owing to the increase in the number of committees and agitators, to offset which the dues were increased and the endowment feature was adopted.

The adoption of the cigar rolling machine again put the union on its beam ends, and in order to right their fast sinking ship the union adopted the out-of-work benefit. This, instead of righting the ship, almost swamped it, so they had to throw a part of it (the out-of-work benefit) overboard. And now the out-of-work benefit has a large string to it. All these measures the conditions of the cigarmakers grew worse, and the union expects to reap a crop of strikes and initiation fees, like in New York at the present time. Where no dues or initiation fees can be gathered in, as in Boston, Mass., strikes are not allowed.

The final development is the Trust, which means the industry is now under the control of a few men. The small manufacturer is slowly being squeezed out and the factory as a journeyman.

The large manufacturers are to-day catering to the retailer more than ever before. The small manufacturers can hardly find sale for their product over their own counter, and are obliged to sell the product of the large profits. Thus the number of manufacturers is decreasing while the plants are growing larger and the industry is falling into fewer hands.

To "offset" the union is now preparing to enter into an agreement with the newly organized Cigar Manufacturers National Ass'n., which arrangement will secure the international union in the collection of dues and assessments from their dupes. The "Tobacco Leaf," the organ of the manufacturers is in hearty accord with such a plan. This is what it says editorially:

"What the 'Leaf' advocated was the adoption of the theory of arbitration in the broadest sense for the mutual protection and general advancement of the interests at stake, and what is of equal importance, the workers themselves approve of the plan. It is recognized that organization is essential to harmonious relationship between employer and employee. It follows that both sides should have their organizations."

In these few lines volumes are spoken. He who runs should be able to read. The fakir, in order to harvest his crop of dues, advocates a union between the manufacturers' association and the cigarmakers' union. This is what thirty-five years of amelioration and emancipation has come to—the cigarmakers are to be handed over body and soul to the tender mercies of the tenement house sweat shop cigar manufacturers.

Some might imagine that NO ONE'S condition has been ameliorated. That would be an error. A number of cigarmakers have had their condition ameliorated and have been emancipated from work in cigar factories. These are the leaders of the Cigarmakers International Union, whose condition has been ameliorated to the following extent:

Sam Compers from \$13 per week to \$50 per week.
G. W. Perkins from \$10 per week to \$30 per week.
Tom Tracy from \$12 per week to \$5 per day.
Frank McCarthy from \$12 per week to \$5 per day.
John Dornell from \$10 per week to \$5 per day.
Dan Harris from \$11 per week to \$18 per week.
Morris Brown from \$10 per week to \$18 per week.
Henry Abrahams from \$9 per week to \$18 per week.
Mike Muldoon from \$11 per week to \$5 per day.
Chas. Lea from \$11 per week to \$5 per day.
James Wood from \$10 per week to \$5 per day.
Chas. Spectel from \$10 per week to \$15 per week.
A. Strasser from \$8 per week to \$5 per day.
Geo. J. Thompson from \$10 per week to \$5 per day.
Mike Raphael from \$10 per week to \$5 per day.
N. Rosenstine from \$11 per week to \$5 per day.
Ike Bennett from \$10 per week to \$3 per day.
A. Marosouk from \$10 per week to \$3 per day.

There are a couple of dozen more whose condition has been ameliorated. And this is the net result of the thirty-five years dues and assessments collections of the Cigarmakers International Union. Smaller wages, higher dues, and worse conditions for the cigarmakers—higher salaries and better conditions for the fakirs.

Joseph Choate got a hand-out from Queen Victoria the other day. Bayard was a pretty fair feeder, but he never was in it with Joe. About the only English news we receive is to the effect that he has obtained a meal somewhere, or other. One consolation we should have is that our "representative" can never starve when we send such a trencherman as Choate, and one who possesses so much skill in obtaining opportunities for retrenching.

Adlai Stevenson, Bryan's running mate, said at Lincoln that a great uprising of the people is coming. Right you are, Steve. An uprising is at hand. Those two names, Malloney and Remmel, the Presidential candidates of the Socialist Labor Party, which will appear on the ballot, show just where the uprising centres, and show the kind of an uprising it is to be.

SOCIALISTS.

State Convention of Iowa S. L. P.

Progress Emphasized by Short Work Made of Discordant Elements—They Are Swept Out as so Much Rubbish—Clinton Again Chosen the Seat of the State Committee—The Socialists Solid.

DAVENPORT, Iowa, July 10.—The Socialist Labor Party of Iowa held its State Convention on June 30 at Davenport, and nominated as follows:

For Secretary of State, J. M. Kremer, of Davenport; for Treasurer, E. C. Matzen, of Clinton. The State Committee was authorized to fill vacancies that may occur. We had a small skirmish with discordant elements of Kangarooish, Debsite and beerish leanings, but the S. L. P. made short work of them; simply swept them out.

The work of the Tenth National Convention was endorsed, as was also the ticket nominated by said convention.

For President, Joseph F. Malloney; and for Vice-President, Valentine Remmel.

A man named Reckert, State Organizer of the Debs-Kang "party," did his best to create confusion among such as had not closely followed party history during the past twelve months, and whose source of information had been such papers as the "Workers' Call," but it was no go. He failed absolutely.

Clinton was again chosen as the seat of the State Committee.

IDLE CAPITALISTS.

Cruising Around the World in their Private Steam Yachts.

Paul Lafargue was once asked for the reasons for his contention that the capitalist class was doomed to disappear from society. His answer was brief, and is contained in the following paragraph taken from his "Evolution of Property."

"In the days when the feudal baron dwelt in his fortified castle, in the midst of his vassals, administering justice to them in time of peace, and donning his armor and putting himself at the head of his men to defend them in cases of invasion, the feudal nobility was a class essentially useful, and which it was impossible to suppress; but as soon as relative tranquility had been established in the country the nobles ceased to be wanted. They abandoned their castles and betook themselves to the dual, episcopal, royal and imperial courts, in which they ended by becoming a body estranged from the nation and living on it parasitically. THAT VERY MOMENT THEIR DOOM WAS SEALED. . . . In capitalist nations the nobility have disappeared as a ruling class. The day that the capitalist CEASED TO HAVE A FUNCTION TO PERFORM in social production, the death warrant of his class was signed. It remains but to execute the sentence pronounced by the economic phenomena, and the capitalists who may survive the ruin of their order will lack even the grotesque privileges of the pedigreed nobility to console them for the loss of grandeur of their class."

How true it is that the time has come for society to execute the sentence already pronounced by the development of industry may be seen from day to day in those columns of the capitalist press which contain detailed accounts of the doings of American capitalists. For instance, yesterday's New York Herald had a number of "special cable despatches" from Europe, and among those despatches were the following items of interest to the working class:

The steam yacht Niagara, with Mr. Howard Gould, her owner, on board, has arrived at Molde from Iceland and the Faroe Islands, with all well.

Mr. Isaac Stern's steam yacht, the Virginia, with her owner on board, has arrived at Bergen.

The steam yacht Utowana, with Mr. A. V. Armour, her owner, on board, has sailed from Naples for Marseilles.

Gould, Stern and Armour are American capitalists. They own mines, and railroads, and pork factories. While the stockyard employees brutalize their existence by sticking hogs, while the firemen sweat out their lives in the heat of the locomotive furnace, and while the miners slave in the bowels of the earth—while these workmen are toiling from dawn to dusk, their employers, the Goulds, the Sterns, and the Armours are coasting about the world in private yachts. These tours occupy many

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BOSTON CELEBRATES.

Rousing Meeting at Which Joseph F. Malloney Speaks.

BOSTON, July 12.—A meeting was held last night under the auspices of the General Committee of the Socialist Labor Party of Massachusetts, in conjunction with Section Boston, to celebrate the victory of July 10, 1899, over the Kangaroo element.

Despite the torrid weather of the last few days, which makes it difficult to persuade any one to remain in a hall for an evening after sweltering all day in the slave pens of capitalism, every seat in Colonial Hall was occupied.

The first speaker, Charles Kroll, of Providence, R. I., in a very comprehensive and able address reviewed the history of the Party, showing how various feuds and crooks had in times past endeavored to use the Party to further their personal ends and schemes; and, failing in that, had endeavored to injure and retard the growth of the revolutionary movement, with the inevitable result of being kicked out, and either returning to the parties of capitalism or taking refuge in that ash barrel called the Social Democratic Party.

The speaker also touched upon the relation of the trades unions to the Party, showing the complete impotence of the pure and simple unions and their utter failure to accomplish anything of lasting benefit to the wage-workers. The address was frequently interrupted by applause, and at its conclusion the speaker was rewarded by a long and well-sustained salvo of cheers and applause.

The concluding speaker, the Party's candidate for President, Joseph F. Malloney, was received with thunderous applause, and had scarcely started to speak when he was cut short by another demonstration of approval, including three vigorous cheers for the Party candidate for President.

It is extremely doubtful whether Malloney has ever been heard to greater advantage than on this particular occasion. He was at his best, and for nearly an hour he held the audience with his biting sarcasm, refreshing wit, and scathing denunciation of the reactionary element, which he raked fore and aft. His witty sallies were received with roars of laughter and applause, and on no such jagged and snaky road as paved to halt in order to give the audience a chance to recover from the effect of his humorous description of that peculiar product, the Kangaroo.

The speaker did not forget to also pay his respects to his political opponents, McKinley and Bryan, together with their decoy duck, Debs, concluding his speech with an eloquent peroration in which he predicted the ultimate triumph of the working class through its class-conscious political movement, the Socialist Labor Party.

It speaks well for the interest manifested in the speeches when it can be said that in spite of the heat not one person left the hall until the close of the meeting. July 10, 1900, finds the Party in better shape than ever, while, as Malloney said in his speech, the Kangaroo element, the better to conceal its weakness, had joined the S. D. P., where, if the same tactics are pursued, the finish of that aggregation is in sight.

Our army in the Philippines now numbers 63,426; about half the total number of males who work in the shoe industry. These same men who are out there could be turned into operatives, and it would cost a great deal less to do so than it costs to keep them engaged in the pleasant occupation of murdering men whom the capitalist press is pleased to term ignorant savages. It would be just as sensible to commence a war of extermination against a drove of horses because one of its number kicked the lack of brains out of some troublesome idiot, as it is to continue shooting down the Filipinos.

Boston, the cultured city where in seawater gold, lucky boxes, trance mediums, etc., flourish, has just fined Francis Truth, "Divine Healer," the sum of \$2,500 for using the mails "to defraud." Truth gave "absent" treatment. The only condition necessary was that the cash deposit be present. If that was sent on, Truth would relieve you. The amount of money he gained out of the wise people of Boston is unknown, but it runs well up into \$30,000. For giving this wholesale relief, Truth was fined a small sum, and he gets off with the remainder. It is fortunate that he did not steal a loaf of bread, or he would now be doing time in Charlestown prison.

BOUND FOR PARIS.

The Oceanic's Large List of "FIRST Class."

The Exploiters of the Working Class Cross the Ocean in Elegant Apartments—The Exploited Members of the Working Class, 964 in Number, Are Huddled in Kennels and Fed Accordingly.

Yesterday every capitalist paper in New York contained this item:

"When the Oceanic sailed for Liverpool yesterday she carried 330 first cabin, 243 second cabin, and 964 steerage passengers. Many prominent names appear on the cabin list, and most of them are going to the Paris Exhibition."

The reporters failed to tell where the 964 steerage passengers were going, and the reporters likewise failed to tell us why the prominent people were in the first cabin.

A berth in the first cabin of the Oceanic can be had from \$100 up, a berth in the second cabin for about \$50 or \$60, while the bunks in the steerage get their kennels for about \$25 or \$30 per head.

When the thinking working man sees an item like the above a question or two hammers into his brain. The first one shapes itself in this sort of a rambling, illogical way:

"The Oceanic was made by the working class. From the time the iron left the earth and the wood the forest until the vessel was launched, every minute of labor on the ship was performed by the working class. Now that she is launched, the first cabin is filled with a lot of champagne drinkers, who have done nothing all their lives but gamble in stocks; the second cabin is given over to a lot of professional parasites who suck their living from the bank accounts of those who luxuriate in the first cabin; while the steerage, with its noxious fumes and tenement house accommodations, is given over to the very class that made the whole vessel. Why shouldn't the working class, the class whose handiwork has made the ship possible, why shouldn't the working class have right of way to the first cabin?"

This is the first question which gets out of the brain of the intelligent working man.

And the corollary to the first question is the second.

"Why shouldn't the idlers, who have done nothing all their lives, but gamble in stocks and live in luxury on the backs of the working class, why shouldn't these idlers get down here into the stench of the hold?"

And if the intelligent working man thinks long enough over these questions, he will answer them after this fashion: Modern society is divided into two great classes. There is the capitalist class, so-called because it owns all the capital, or means of production in the country, and there is the working class, which owns none of the means of production.

The capitalist class, because it owns the means of production, can dictate the terms on which the working class shall have the use of the means of production. And the terms are simple: First—Give over to the capitalist class ALL the wealth you produce. We, the capitalist class, will return you enough in the shape of wages to enable you to keep yourselves in good working condition.

Second—Never make a kick against this kind of a deal; if you do, we will order the policemen to club you, the judges to send you to jail, and the army to murder you in cold blood.

Third—When you travel on land, go on a freight or in the smoker—we will take the palace cars. When you travel by sea, go in the steerage—we will take the first cabin.

The details will be after this fashion: You are to make freight cars, smokers and palace cars; but, in spite of the fact that you have made them all, when you travel in search of work, you are to go on a freight or in the smoker, while we will take the Pullman.

You are to make the ocean steamers, and you will make them with two principal compartments; the first will be large, spacious, and swept by the health-giving ocean breeze—that division will be occupied by us; the other department will be down in the hold around the greasy old machinery—that part of the vessel will be your habitat.

So far as houses are concerned, you are to make both the mansions and the hovels—we will take the mansions and leave you the hovels. And when it gets down to food, you are to take off your coats and produce everything that can go into the stomach. Out of this abundance, you can have the soap bones, the small potatoes, the beans and the tripe, while the thousand and one delicacies will be reserved to tickle our palates.

And the thinking working man will soon realize the criminal injustice of the whole system. He will realize that the capitalist class is a useless class, that it is a criminal class, that it is a dying class. He will realize also that inasmuch as the working class produces every item of wealth that is produced, from a toothpick to a locomotive, that the

working class should have that wealth and all of it.

And at this point he will rise in his might and say to the capitalists:

Away with you and your system. For two hundred years you have lived in idleness and drawn your sustenance from the blood, the bone, and the brain of the working class. The day of justice is at hand.

Get out of your Pullman cars! Get out of your first cabins! Get out of your palaces! Get out of your silks and satins!

If you want to ride in Pullman cars, go into the factory and help make them, or by the woe of the working class you will stifle in the smoker or bust your shins on a freight.

If you want to travel on the ocean, get into the shipyards and help to fashion these magnificent liners, or by the woe of the working class you will chuck yourselves into the pesthole of the steerage.

Do you want to live in palaces? Then get down into the stone quarry and into the lumber factories and make them, or by the woe of the working class you will sleep in a dry goods box.

And as to your silks and satins, go into the factory hell and make them yourselves, or by the woe of the working class you can sit on the fence and freeze to death.

This is our ultimatum.

This is the slogan call of the Socialist Labor Party of the world.

This is the battle cry of the world-wide proletariat.

Strike at the ballot box.

Vote for the Socialist Labor Party.

And make short work of the enemy.

HUTCHINS, ECONOMIST.

His Theory of Harmonizing the Workingman and the Capitalist Cracked Over His Head.

Washington, July 12.—Washington has a paper called the "Times." Stillson Hutchins is the editor of the "Times," and incidentally, a "friend of labor" into the bargain. Furthermore, Hutchins is a political economist of the old school, and can discourse learnedly on the harmony that ought to exist between the workingmen and the capitalist. And Hutchins ought to know, for a few years ago, when he owned and edited the Washington "Post," lack of harmony between Hutchins and the composers on the "Post" resulted in a strike; the result of the strike was a boycott; and the result of the boycott was a bankrupt paper, and a Hutchins so disgruntled that he sold the "Post" for a song. (This, by the way, was in the good old times when a strike amounted to something, and people had a song.)

Since that time Hutchins has been a stickler for "harmony" between the workingman and the capitalist "at all times when it is a question of lower wages and longer hours."

Sometimes Hutchins delves deeply into the labor problem in his long-winded editorials in the "Times," and nothing dazes him, from the China question to the St. Louis strike. Recently he has been giving some attention to the Philippine question, and he has discovered that the American workingman need fear nothing from the Philippines. Here is the way he puts the matter in this morning's "Times."

"There is no question but that American manufacturers will find a good market for all kinds of machinery in the Philippines and the West Indies, when the various industries of the colonies receive the impetus which the introduction of American capital will give. Thus, indirectly the workmen of this country will be benefited, both by the increased trade and by the need here and there of American mechanics to superintend the new appliances."

There you have political economy in chunks. The American mechanic is going to be benefited by the shipment of a few machines to the Philippines. Very well, Mr. Hutchins, but how is he to be benefited? For what reason is he to be benefited by the shipment of a few machines to the Philippines, seeing that he is not benefited by the presence of those machines here? That is the question. The machines are not the machines of the American mechanic, but are owned by the American capitalist. Just how the American mechanic, who has nothing but his labor to sell, is going to be benefited because Andrew Carnegie ships a few machines of various kinds to the Philippines is more than the average mechanic can get through his head. Hutchins' head is thinner than the head of the average mechanic, however, and such a little thing as that can easily get through his head. And Hutchins goes on after this fashion to tell us how it gets through his head:

"In the tropics labor-saving machinery is bound as time goes on to become more and more profitable. It enables the manufacturer of sugar, cotton cloth or any other article, to use immense quantities of raw material at a time; and with the CHEAP LABOR, which is always available in tropical climates, the manufacture of certain things by oriental capitalists, on or near the place where the

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PRIVATE BULL PEN.

Men Forced to Sleep in Factory Shut Out From the World.

Working, Sleeping and Eating in the Shop—Nothing Better Illustrates Depth of the Degradation of the American Working Men—S. T. & L. A. to the Rescue.

NORTH ADAMS, Mass., July 11.—The strike at Millard's shop assumed a new phase Saturday, according to the statements of John Trainor, one of the men, who has been working in the cutting room, and who was discharged Saturday.

As is known, the men who are taking the strikers' places have been sleeping and boarding in the shop, where accommodations have been provided for them. Mr. Trainor, who came from Manchester, N. H., about a week ago, has been living in this way, without seeing very much of the outside world, although he has been down street occasionally.

Friday night he attended the band concert, and, after returning to the shop, was told by the watchman that there were two persons at the gate who wished to speak to him. He went down, and found two of the strikers there. He said he did not care to keep up the dialogue with them for a moment, and then, early morning he was called into the office, and told by N. L. Millard that they did not care to keep a man who held communications with the strikers. Mr. Trainor explained the amount of the communications, and insisted that he had the privilege of going outside, which was not denied. He was told, however, that if he wished to stay, he must agree not to hold any talks or "be in" with the strikers. Mr. Trainor decided to maintain his personal liberty and left the shop.

He says that afterwards he was told by one of the employees there that orders had been given that none of the new men were to be allowed to leave the shop after dark, and that if they went out before dark and failed to return, they were not to be allowed entrance. Mr. Trainor said there were several of the new men whom he thought would object to this manner of "holding a job."

N. L. Millard was out of the city today, but C. K. Millard was asked in regard to the matter, and refused to have anything to say concerning Mr. Trainor's discharge.

Mr. Trainor says that there are about sixteen outside cutters at work in the room now, but that only four or five of these are first-class cutters, and that the room is turning out a very small proportion of what it should.

Those who are unacquainted with a shoe shop can hardly appreciate what it means to live in one. The fetid, animal odor of the leather; the dust; the human atmosphere left after the workers go; the oil and grime from the machinery; the paste, soap and rank in hot weather, make the shoe shop one of the best places in the world to leave. It is depressing even to go into one for a few minutes when the machinery is not in operation. But to sleep in one! Cattle endure their own offal, but they sickens and die when confined in an unclean pen. A stable is a paradise when compared with a shoe shop. Nothing can illustrate the depth to which the working class has fallen as does this sleeping in the factory.

Some time ago the shops commenced to paint the lower panes of the windows in order to prevent the employees from looking out. That was not only an insult, it was a direct physical injury. Then they brought in a number of oppressive rules, but no one believed that the time would come when they would be forced to sleep in the factory.

North Adams has had its share of labor troubles, and more than its share of union leeches. The town authorities have done nothing to prevent this last outrage, and it is probable that nothing will be done. The only encouraging rift in the clouds is that the Socialist Trade & Labor Alliance is gaining ground, and will put up a fight on these as on other matters.

The good citizens of Portsmouth, N. H., are much worked up because the naval officers do not consider them as associates. When we have an army and a navy we must take all that goes with it. An officer is superior to a civilian, and the sooner our little, one-horse tradesmen sink the idea that they can stand covered in the presence of the striking arm of the nation, the better. We had the same state of affairs at Washington in the matter of presidentialism, but that was none of our business. The army and navy must fight it out themselves. Long live the new social lions, both of the sea and the ball-room.

Shall a Socialist Hold Office In a Pure and Simple Trade Union?

DANIEL DE LEON (N. Y.)

Early Use of Sugar.
The sugar-cane and its uses have been known in India, its native home, from time immemorial. It is, perhaps, the earliest source from which sugar was produced, and all other modes of manufacture have been borrowed from or based on it. It was the Arabs—those great carriers between the East and the West—who introduced the cane in the Middle Ages into Egypt, Sicily, and South of Spain, where it flourished abundantly until West Indian slavery drove it out of the field for a time, and sent the trade in sugar to Jamaica and Cuba. Egyptian sugar was carried to London in Plantagenet times by the Venetian fleet. Early in the sixteenth century the cane was taken from Sicily to Madeira and the Canaries. Thence it found its way to Brazil and Mexico, to Jamaica and Hayti. Cane-sugar was well known in Italy about the second century, and has been common in England since the Tudor period.

WEEKLY PEOPLE.

Published by the Socialist Labor Party,
at 2, 4 and 6 New Reade St.,
New York.
P.O. Box 1576, Telephone 129 Franklin.
EVERY SATURDAY.
TERMS TO SUBSCRIBERS.
Invariably in advance.
One year \$0.50
Six months .25
Three months .12
Single copy .02

Bundle rates: Less than 100 copies, 1 cent a copy; 100 to 500 copies, 1/2 cent a copy; 500 or more, 1/4 cent a copy.
As far as possible, rejected communications will be returned if so desired and stamps are enclosed.

Entered as second class matter at the New York Post Office, June 27, 1900.

SOCIALIST VOTE IN THE UNITED STATES.

In 1888 (Presidential)..... 2,068
In 1890..... 13,831
In 1892 (Presidential)..... 21,157
In 1894..... 33,133
In 1896 (Presidential)..... 36,564
In 1898..... 82,204
In 1899..... 85,231



For President,
JOSEPH FRANCIS MALLONEY,
of Massachusetts.
For Vice-President,
VALENTINE REMMEL,
of Pennsylvania.

It is not because he is a leader of industry that a man is a capitalist; on the contrary, he is a leader of industry because he is a capitalist. The leadership of industry is an attribute of capital, just as in feudal times the functions of general and judge were attributes of landed property.
KARL MARX.

ALL HAIL THE SOCIALIST LABOR PARTY!

A body of men may parade as a political party, but in politics the cause for action must be well defined, or mere "apparitions" will help in no way. We have had the threats of a hundred "Socialist parties" during the past few years, yet each election the Socialist Labor Party goes on the ballot, the sole champion of the cause of the working class, and all other so-called Socialist parties crumble and sink into the refuse barrel of the country's political life.

This year, the usual attempt is made to produce confusion in the minds of the voters, and we have been credited with every sort of a candidate. Yet, throughout the country, the names of Joseph F. Malloney and Valentine Remmel are recognized as the standard-bearers of the Party, the sole Socialist, or party of the wage-earning class, and as such their names will alone be placed opposite the name of our Party. The capitalist press grovels and dawns in its attempts to mislead the workers. It has descended to every deception in its power. We have watched the many attempts to mislead, but we are serene in the knowledge that all attempts end where the real work, the work at the polls, begins.

The Socialist Labor Party and its honored name will never be desecrated by being attached to the fraud-freaks who have sold themselves, not to the highest bidder, but to any bidder that will take them. The Socialist Labor Party, its name, its platform, its standard, are the sacred property of the working class, and its name will never, can never, be tarnished by association with the dupes and the debauched of capitalism.

They have not understood the significance of American politics when they tried to ignore our dictum that only one party can represent a social condition here in this country. One party, and one only, will stand for a class. The Republican party has its clear-cut defence of capitalism. It stands for capitalism in all its naked brutality. But the great filter of this social body, the filter that removes the worn-out tissue, the poison, the filth, the germs—and slowly poisons itself in so doing—is the Democratic party. It absorbs all that is neither out and out capitalist, nor out and out Socialist. It takes to itself the refuse. It is the party of the financially, morally and mentally shattered, and as such performs its work to-day.

The spider does not use "molasses to catch flies," neither does it use vinegar. It has its web, but its web is made for flies alone. Politics is not a matter of fly-catching, either by the aid of molasses or of webs. Politics is the expression of the necessities of the people, and at the polls those necessities will be expressed on one side or the other.

At the coming election there will be no multiplicity of "small party" parties which remained unravished by the Democratic party. Its latest acquisition proves the truth of our forecast. The Socialist Labor Party has defended its name, it has planted its principles so deeply in the hearts of the working class that deception carried to the polls would avail nothing. In every State the names of Malloney and Remmel will receive the votes of the class-conscious workmen. The Republican will receive

the votes of the class-conscious capitalists and their dupes. The Democrats will receive the votes of the off-scourings, the weak, the halt, the blind, the socially unfit. It will add to the disease which has already marked it for the death. The field is clear. We have but to strike the blow.

A NEW ALADDIN LAMP.

Every now and then some defender of capitalism in general, and the McKinley administration in particular, gives out a glowing account of the amount and number of the deposits in savings banks.

The object is to make the people believe that prosperity is general and that the workers are laying by money; that the ugly facts, continually cropping up as to the destitution of the wage-workers, are fabricated by "agitators." So we are now running across statements like the following: "The common people of the Empire State managed to store away \$250,258,287.97 in 1899." By "common people" this cunning juggler of words would have us understand that the wage-workers were meant. But an analysis of the report of the Superintendent of Banks for the State of New York shows that so small a percentage of the depositors were wage-workers, that the deposits of this class were scarcely worth considering; that the depositors were nearly all of the middle class: small shopkeepers, little business men and cockroach employers, with a sprinkling of very rich men and a few deposits made by guardians of estates.

No, the "common people" does not include the wage-workers in this case, and this attempt at making the "common people," the wealth producing wage-workers, believe they are prosperous is on a par with the lie of there being "plenty of work." It is merely rubbing a new Aladdin-lamp in order to make the impoverished worker see riches where there is only destitution for him.

So-called mental and Christian "scientists" hold the belief that poverty, sickness and other evils merely exist in the mind; that all you need do is to believe you are rich, healthy, etc., in order to be so. But the wage-worker who cannot find work, and who has no money in savings banks or anywhere else to buy bread with, will hardly be satisfied with the "absent treatment" of reports that he has millions deposited in banks.

Those who are now rubbing the new Aladdin lamp in their endeavor to make the futility of imagination compensate for the emptiness of the stomach, and thus bunco-steer the workers into the Rep-Dem. parties of Capital, should first enjoin the working class with the vivid imagination of the author of the "Arabian Nights."

WHOM WE SEEK TO AVENGE.

The whole capitalist press, yellow and conservative, is united in a howl for revenge on the Chinese for killing white people in Pekin. Wholesale massacres and rivers of blood are now demanded. They have worked themselves and are trying to work their hearers into a veritable blood frenzy. They demand vengeance on the Chinese for brutally killing members of the white race in a time of ostensible peace. Well, we of the working class, we are not concerned with movements to avenge distant wrongs, committed upon ministers, lay and clerical, who are the commercial agents abroad of the class that skins us at home.

The working class of America has more important and practical work to do. We seek to avenge the scores of unarmed workmen brutally shot to death by the cowardly "Boxers" of capitalism, the deputy sheriffs of Lattimer, Pa., in the Fall of 1897, in a time of ostensible peace.

We seek to avenge the striking workmen shot and clubbed to death at Buffalo, N. Y., at the command of the identical Democratic Governor Flower, who signed the eight-hour bill, and which to uphold which the switchmen struck.

We seek to avenge the valiant fighters overpowered and murdered at Homestead, Pa., in 1892.

We seek to avenge the workmen, shot, clubbed and hanged in Chicago in 1886-87-84.

We seek to avenge the blood of our class that only recently bespattered the streets of Panama and Virdein, Ill.

We seek to avenge the thousands upon thousands of our class who have been and are being mangled and maimed in factory and mine, crushed and tortured on railroads and starved to death in cities.

We seek to avenge the thousands upon thousands of girls of our class, whose lives are blighted and whose bodies are given to feed the lust of the "Boxers" of the capitalist class.

Right here, at home, these massacres and outrages have been and are being perpetrated, and the felons are still unwhipped of Justice. This innocent blood cries loudly for redress; for such redress as will make forever impossible a repetition of the crimes.

The reptile press calls for a union of all the great Powers to avenge the deaths of a few hundred advance agents

of capitalism, who were not forced to go to China.

We call on the proletariat of the United States to unite in one great army of the Working Class at the ballot box and sweep from power and existence the murderers of our own men and women, by voting the Socialist Labor Party ballot, headed by those two class-conscious proletarians: Malloney and Remmel.

We call on the proletariat of the world to refrain from taking part in capitalist class massacres of the Chinese, until our own martyrs at home have been avenged, and the Proletarian's Red Flag of human brotherhood floats triumphant over every land.

THE LATEST STYLE OF BRITISH AMBASSADORS.

Out in bleedin' Kansas the good people are having a new experience. The experience is old in New York.

A real live ambassador who well and skillfully represents the interests of England, is visitin' the Kansans and doing them good.

He has the number and kind of titles which the latter-day ambassador requires. Reverend Doctor R. S. MacArthur, D.D., pastor of Calvary Baptist Church, New York City, is the way his title reads.

Years ago it was customary to send a publicly accredited and secular gentleman from the court of St. James to Washington to fill the position of ambassador, but since the disgraceful fiasco of Sir Lionel Sackville-West—who was guilty of telling the truth and being caught at it—England has changed her tactics in the matter of ambassadors. She now employs loyal but unaccredited preachers, who are not confined to Washington; and she gives them a roving commission, good in the pulpit in New York and the prairie of Kansas. Hence, the Rev., etc., MacArthur.

The advantages of this method are obvious. The duly accredited ambassador always has his hands tied. He cannot publicly attempt to influence the public opinion in the country to which he is sent, no matter how urgent the need of doing so for the country that sends him. Known and watched, every act or expression is seized on by his country's political enemies and his efforts are set at naught.

Not so with a Reverend as ambassador. Ostensibly a "Rev.," while, in reality "trooly loil!" Britons and subjects of Her Gracious Majesty, a British "Rev." can do that with impunity, which would cause the recall of an official spy.

The best work an ambassador from England can do for his country here is to foster and encourage the sentiment for expansion. So we find this loyal Briton sending in glowing accounts of how imperialistic the erstwhile populists in Kansas are becoming. How favorably they regard the idea of an "Anglo-Saxon" alliance, and how they have lost their old distrust of things English.

Of course the Rev., etc., MacArthur is falsifying. That is the one thing that changes not with the other changes. An ambassador must lie. And this is what he is doing. As there is no imperialistic sentiment in Kansas—except in so far as the Kansans have learned to mistrust and despise Bryanism—the Rev. MacA. attempts to create it by sending columns of fake news and fictitious interviews from Kansas to New York papers.

As all ambassadors are ministers, why should not some ministers be ambassadors?

SURVIVAL OF THE FITTEST.

The class struggle going on in society to-day has brought to the surface certain phrases and catchwords which at first sight seem brand new, but which, examined closer, are seen to be but the revamped mouthings of dead and gone robbers and parasites. Thus, "The survival of the fittest!" blatantly struts about as a phrase evolved from a scientific study of Nature, by the atheistic ally in clined pundits, and is given as a reason, explanation, and excuse for the existence of the capitalist class and their rule of plunder and rapine. Yet it is only the ages-old cry of "It is the will of God!"—an invention that did good service for other and cruder robbers before the capitalist class rough-handedly took possession.

The idea which is sought to be conveyed by the term "Survival of the fittest" is that the capitalist possesses those qualities of brain and brawn which eminently fit a man to win the prize in the struggle for life. According to this, the Goulds, Havemeyers, Morgans, Vanderbilts, Rockefellers and the rest of the owners of wealth and wage slaves, acquired their capital by virtue of their greater fitness, and consequently, being "the fittest," are alone and pre-eminently fit to survive.

Incapable of operating or managing the industries of the countries, degenerate, mentally and morally; tainted of blood; in war as cowardly as they are blood-thirsty in time of peace, they stand convicted as the most "unfit to survive" of any class that ever held sway.—If by "fit" is understood "worthy."

The proletariat, conducting and carrying on the industries of the nation; producing all the wealth in times of peace;

safe-guarding and saving life and property; fighting the battles in times of war; giving proof of their virility, strength and courage in every way commendable, they yet furnish the strongest test, by resisting the steady stream of pollution which pours down from their masters, of their "fitness,"—by "fitness" being understood "worthy."

No longer does the outworn plea of "it is the will of God" serve as cloak for robbery; and in the arena, marked out by the cry of "the survival of the fittest," the proletariat, strong mentally, physically and morally, alone is fit. It will throw down and end the existence of the debauched, degenerate and useless capitalist class—with whom "fitness" means capacity for crime,—and then lay deep and strong the foundation of a society of workers; where the lying cant of "the survival of the fittest" will be changed to the truthful and natural "survival of the best."

TAMMANY'S LABOR ISSUE.

Tammany, that great trustified Apostle of Labor, has, with coolness of ice, issued its great assessment of all its 40,000 jobholders. This is expected to supply the campaign fund here in New York city. It is only the minor officers who will be affected. The half a dozen leaders are not in politics for the purpose of giving, but for the purpose of taking. During the summer, while the heat of the city is almost unbearable, the chiefs will pass their time and cash in their chips on foreign shores, or at summer resorts. During the same period, the financiers will collect the chips of the henchmen.

Issues amount to very little with such an organization. The only thing is to win, and one platform is as good as another. Croker's masterly exposition of his conversion to free silver gives just the right touch of seriousness to the proceedings. But Tammany Hall has had a habit of coming out that is as well defined as the habit of society buds when the time comes to market them. It comes out for everything in sight, and it makes a determined effort to get it.

The labor issue, Tammany's last resort, will be used as hitherto. The one fly in the amber is the force and standing of the Socialist Labor Party. It is as disturbing an element to the Democrat as hops in campaign beer would be. No body ever took the protestations of the Democratic party seriously. It will stick at nothing to gain its end. As a boodler party it is without a peer. It finds New York a rich city and its one object is to loot it. In order to do this it must control all offices, and to gain that control it is forced to disgorge some of the pluckings. This year will be a test year in some ways, and Tammany is forced to go deeper than ever in its squeezing, and its pluckings. A tax will be levied on everything from a saloon up to the highly protected gambling houses. Any one who has received a favor from Tammany; anyone who has been allowed even to breathe, will be forced to donate. Issues, good, bad, and indifferent, are bound up in that one order for contributions.

Even the judges with fair round bellies with capon lined, will acknowledge their source of the fair round belly, and will help instruct the intelligent voter. The beeler, the policeman, the butcher, the baker, the candlestick-maker, are in the same boat. Verily, as a collector, Tammany has no equal.

And that is all there is of the "Labor Issue" in the Eastern wing of Bryan's Labor-loving movement.

The begging letter-writer is at work again. This time he is so especially virulent, and extends his operations over a greater territory. Helen Gould had carefully established a reputation for charity, and as a result she was overwhelmed with requests to exert a little of it on the letter-writers. Her secretary, whom she fired for unskillful advertising, said that the number of letters in a day was almost beyond comprehension. The beggar, letter-writer is the companion of the legislation begger and petitioner. Both think it necessary to debase themselves in order to obtain a few scraps. The old trades union committees help along this idea. If one has a right to a thing, he should take it, not beg for it; if he has no right to take it, he has no right to beg for it. So the persons with designs on the Gould money are cowards and pilferers. The labor committees who stand with their little tin cups wailing for legislation are no better. The legislature belongs to the working class, and the working class should go there and use it. The Gould wealth was produced by society and we not only have a right to it, but in giving any of it away the Gould family uses a thing that does not belong to them.

The great strike at Be. e Isle is nearing its end, and the men are in all probabilities badly beaten. There is a reserve force large enough to fill the places of the strikers five times over. Only a very few years ago it was practically impossible to obtain a few men to work for you in that section of the country. To-day, under the capitalist method of tearing the men out of their somewhat primitive occupations, introduced there by the Tammany Hall W. O. Whitney, we find a wage army such as we are accustomed to here. The low wages received in the Be. e Isle district will have its direct effect upon the wages of the men in the Pennsylvania district. Look out for strikes among our iron and steel workers also.

LITERATURE OF SUCCESS.

Within a comparatively recent period there has sprung into existence a certain kind of literature, which, in the absence of a better name, may well be called "The Literature of Success."

This literature is mainly composed of contributions alleged to be written by men and women who have acquired wealth and fame in their chosen fields; and has for its ostensible object the providing of knowledge, whereby personal success in any sphere of life may be attained with certainty. Briefly summarized, the lessons that the knowledge thus gathered teaches is, that success is individual and psychical; that heredity environment and economics have nothing to do with its achievement; on the contrary, they but strengthen, by the opposition they offer, those who seek to attain it. We learn, too, that to succeed, one must work; and it must be hard, unrelenting, concentrated individual work. Further, one must have a definite purpose and a bulldog determination, a mental vision that is clear and a mental attitude that is fixed; both of which investigate and overcome triumphantly all obstacles.

To the reflective mind, these questions must frequently have presented themselves, "Why this literature?" "Why is it that in former years, when social conditions were more equal and success less impossible, such literature was mainly conspicuous by its absence, being at best but incidental to other literature, and devoid of that distinctive character which it possesses to-day?" "Why is it, that just at a time in our social life, when trusts and other organizations of capital are proving destructive of the aspirations and success of the young of the workingman, and of those possessed of ambition, skill and limited capital generally, there should arise a distinct body of literature that points the way to individual economic and material triumph?"

The answer to these questions is twofold in its application. First, this literature is a reflex of the economic and social conditions in existence to-day. As the possibilities of individual success grow fewer with each succeeding year, as the pressure of the economic and social struggle grows ever more intense, the necessity for aids to such success grows apace. Knowledge is a powerful factor in every struggle; and it is to knowledge that the struggling aspirant for individual success turns. This knowledge the literature of success pretends to furnish. It, in other words, ostensibly undertakes to meet the demand for aids in the struggle for individual success; and, in so doing clearly reflects the bad conditions of which it is the product. Thus, I might state in passing, it also unconsciously gives the lie to one of its pet arguments, to wit, that individual success was never easier than at present.

Second, in the bad conditions of which the literature of success is the reflex product, the voice of discontent is plainly heard. Ignorant of the capitalist causes which provoke it, this discontent seeks relief in reaction. Unaware that the evolution of industry is passing from small production by the individual to large production by many individuals co-operating in a manner that makes a social aggregation of them; unaware that the control and ownership of the capital which those individuals, that social aggregation, operates, is the only means of individual success, in its modern sense, this discontent reverts to and is easily led by old ideas. When, in this mood, knowledge gleaned mainly from past experiences—experiences in which the foundation of success was laid by one's own unaided industry—entrails and enslaves it. In other words, the literature of success, prompted by the conditions which surround it, insidiously turns this discontent—this desire for individual success—into a means of capitalist success.

"Hard, unrelenting, concentrated work," it tells us, "means success." "But," let us ask, by what means is "hard, unrelenting, concentrated work" possible to-day? Only by means of the capital owned by capitalists and operated by many individuals—social aggregation—as outlined above. Thus we see that the literature of success is really the literature of work for capitalist profit.

"We have yet to deal with this literature's arguments regarding its fearful and wonderful psychology (purpose and determination) and its equally fearful and wonderful sociology and economics (the triumphant overcoming of environment and lack of capital, etc.). Let us take President Vreeland's story of his success, as an example for this purpose: Vreeland is the chief executive officer of the Metropolitan Street Railway Company. He attributes his present high position to industry, purpose and determination. He is of the opinion that with these things any man could be where he is to-day. Now, in its ultimate application, "any man" means all men. How simple, and yet how absurd! The Metropolitan Street Railway Company employs 10,000 men. They are most likely men who work and work hard, too. They are, for the most part, men with purpose and determination; for, we cannot imagine such a successful executive officer as Mr. Vreeland employing men who are unpurposeful and spineless, as such men would be a detriment to his company's service. Now, suppose that, following Mr. Vreeland's recipe for success, all these employees were to decide to become the chief executive officer of the Metropolitan Street Railway Company, and would succeed in carrying out their decision—what then? Why, the company would have 10,001 presidents, and no employees! It follows from this reduction ad absurdum of President Vreeland's logic, that the system of production and distribution, known as capitalism, under which we at present live, cannot, because of the division and the exploitation of labor, give individual success, with all that it implies to any

but a few. It cannot, from its very nature, make all the aspirants for success Vreelands, Whitneys, Carnegies, Rockefellers, etc., etc.

When any school of literature ignores this economic fact, and the sociological environment it creates, it stamps itself a delusion and a snare; as a means, not of individual, but of capitalist advancement.

Individual success is an impossibility for the vast majority of workingmen under capitalism. The workingman must, therefore, rely not upon individual success, but upon class success. They must make their class triumphant in the economic world; secure for it the means of production and distribution; and then, and not until then, will they be truly successful.

For workingmen, Socialism and success are synonymous.

BROOKLYNIAN.

They Don't Like the Name.

TO THE "DAILY PEOPLE."—A short time ago it was announced that the Board of Education had decided to rename the "Morris High School" and call it the "Peter Cooper High School." This school is situated at Third avenue and 173d street in the Bronx Borough. The students, however, object to the name. "It is not appropriate," say some. "It does not designate the district in any way," say others. Then again, "the school has been flourishing under the old name, why kill it by giving it another such as proposed?"

They are informed so little regarding the men of note of recent times, such as Cooper, Wendell Phillips, Greeley, Garrison and others that they favor the use of the names of property owners—real estate sharks, and all kinds of per cent. leeches. Men who have performed no useful labor, sitting idly by and allowing the wage-slaves to create the values which these exploiters appropriate to their own use. They are, it seems, men after whom schools, streets, squares and parks in Bronx Borough should be named. As evidence of it examine the names of streets in this section, nearly all unknown to fame, except as men owning the property through which the street at some time extended.

Therefore, these scholars, are all imbued with the rights of property, to such an extent that it is believed that the Rights of Mankind will never have a hearing in their presence.

So therefore they pray the Board of Education not to "desecrate" their building with the name of Peter Cooper. Poor Peter, had he only lived to see his name discarded in this way. Not only by these uptown scholars, but even by the members of his own family, who in speaking of the grandson of Peter Cooper, whose name is Peter C. Hewitt, always drop the name Peter and call him Cooper Hewitt. The Peter appears too vulgar for the present snobocracy.

CHAS. C. CRAWFORD.

New York, July 16.

ATTENTION!

To Members of Section New York, S. L. P.

The DAILY PEOPLE is taking hold. Every day the political situation becomes more favorable. The opportunity for a peerless daily champion of the proletariat improves perceptibly.

In accordance with the action of the General Committee, Section New York, at the meeting held Saturday, July 14, the subdivisions, as well as the individual members, are herewith called upon to give their aid in organizing a volunteer corps of newsboys to sell the DAILY PEOPLE at the Brooklyn Bridge, the ferries, at factory gates and such other places where workingmen can be reached in large numbers during the early morning hours.

The term "newsboy" is not to be taken literally. Grown men can take a hand in the work as well, but as many boys can be secured to work under the direction and supervision of an older person, should be gotten, for the very fact that they loudly sing out the name of the paper on the street, goes a long way to call attention to it.

Members who are out of work should not fail to take hold, for it will help both them and the paper. All who undertake to sell will make 40 cents on the dollar and an active person, man or boy, stationed where the traffic is heavy, ought to sell several hundred copies with ease.

Subdivisions will at once canvass the membership, secure as many persons as is possible and get them to report AT HALF PAST 5 O'CLOCK IN THE MORNING to Max Forker, Basement at 24 New Reade street, and get papers from him.

Start right away. Those who see this call in time and are in a position to take hold of the work, should report this very morning.

It would be well if members in Hudson County, N. J., would man the ferries on their side.

For the General Committee, Section New York, S. L. P.

L. ABELSON, Organizer.

It is interesting to note the fact that John L. Shea, Tammany Bridge Commissioner, is a railroad trust magnate, and for that reason has been selected to lead the anti-trust campaign in Brooklyn. This is particularly fit, as a man should know just what action should be taken. The only thing strange about it will be if the working class will still cling to such a man when he is running in a cold deck of this character.

The meetings recently held by the iron and steel producers, and the further amalgamation of the leading mills in the country, seem to indicate that preparations are being made for prosperity if the should suddenly come upon the country and take it unawares. The only salvation that the capitalist class can see is a war, but even in that case they do not want it for the purpose of fighting, but in order to sell their goods. Evidently China is being good to us just in time.



Uncle Sam and Brother Jonathan.

BROTHER JONATHAN (shaking his head from right to left.)

UNCLE SAM—Art thou worried?
B. J.—This won't do at all! (shakes his head some more.)

U. S.—Which?
B. J.—The Socialist Labor Party is too choice.

U. S.—Out with it! What is on your stomach?

B. J.—You know Tim Jimcrack

U. S.—I do.

B. J.—Doesn't he want the Co-operative Commonwealth?

U. S. (hesitating)—Well, yes, ultimately; he wants, however, Prohibition first.

B. J.—You know Dick Riggsamag?

U. S.—Yay.

B. J.—Doesn't he want the Co-operative Commonwealth?

U. S. (again hesitating)—Yes; but he also only ultimately; what he wants first is the single tax.

B. J.—And you know Bob Frank?

U. S.—The chap who wants free coinage at the rate of 16 to 1?

B. J.—But doesn't he also want the Co-operative Commonwealth?

U. S.—He says so.

B. J.—Do you doubt him?

U. S.—Granted he means it; but he wants first of all a deluge of cheap money?

B. J.—Well at any rate they are all agreed that we must have Socialism.

Why don't the S. L. P. go with them? But no; it must be Socialism straight enough to fall over backward.

U. S.—Who is there who would not like to live in a fine, large, noble-looking spacious house?

B. J.—Not one.

U. S.—Every one aims at that?

B. J.—Certainly, every one.

U. S.—And, would you for that reason take any one to build such a house?

B. J.—Not much!

U. S.—You would take a man who knows architecture?

B. J.—Most assuredly.

U. S.—If you think some one is no architect, much though he may aim at a good house, you won't engage him?

B. J.—Not if I know myself.

U. S.—You realize that a fellow who does not know architecture may make a holy mess of the job?

B. J.—Yes.

U. S.—That being so, how can you without kicking yourself, conclude that because a man wants the Co-operative Commonwealth ultimately, therefore he is fit to be entrusted with the conduct of a movement that has that in view?

B. J. looks nonplussed.

U. S.—All these people whom you have mentioned, may be all right in their time. But not unless you imagine their "first steps" are correct are they fit material now. Their first steps are not only not correct but positively bad—so bad as if it were proposed to put on a fifth floor material that was heavier than the walls below could stand. If the Prohibition tactics were adopted, we would be butting a stone wall with our heads; if the single tax tactics were adopted, the capitalist would have things much more his own way than now, and it would be harder to fight him; as is the cheap money man's tactics, that would simply break down everything.

B. J.—

U. S.—Hold! It is additionally foolish on your part to admit that the aims that we proclaim are correct, and yet that we should go to with movements that dare not proclaim our aims.

B. J.—I give in there. But I claim that the Socialists should not abuse these people; they should try and befriended them!

U. S.—In this you are right; but you are wrong if you imply that Socialism abuse these people. He who makes this assertion simply exercises his right to free speech, and free speech includes the right to talk nonsense. Socialists do, and it is their duty,

THE SOCIALIST CANDIDATES—THEIR BIOGRAPHIES.



FOR PRESIDENT:
JOSEPH FRANCIS MALLONEY,
OF MASSACHUSETTS.

Joseph F. Malloney, the Socialist Labor Party candidate for President, was born in Providence, R. I., October 10th, 1865. This brings him just within the required age of thirty-five years. He is the youngest of nine children. When he was nine years old, the poverty into which his parents had fallen, made it necessary for him to go to work. He obtained a job in a cotton factory, and worked at various tasks, each succeeding one harder than the former, for about six years. Then he was apprenticed to the Machinist's trade, and found in the sum of \$150 to the Rhode Island Locomotive Works. This was a guarantee that he would stay there for three years.

It happened at that time that the demand for locomotives made it possible, by working overtime, to end his apprenticeship in two years and five months. From that time until 1892 he worked regularly at his trade in Providence and vicinity.

When Malloney went to Massachusetts in that year he was absolutely unacquainted with Socialism. His first

employer was George R. Pearce, of Lynn, who had been and yet is one of the staunchest Socialists in the country. The Party could not but become known to Malloney, and so well did Pearce teach him that in 1893 he joined the Party, and has been a valuable member of it since. Shortly afterwards he went on the platform as a speaker, and his services have been from that time until now in constant demand.

There was in Lynn at that time a small organization of machinists, and Malloney at once became a member and remained with it until its dissolution. Another organization was started and he entered with activity into its work, and soon became president. He was a delegate to the convention of the International Machinists held in 1897 at Kansas City, and after a hard fight there became convinced that the policy of "boring from within" is not only folly, but that it is worse than folly.

Massachusetts has had few important conventions or meetings at which Malloney was not present. He has also frequently been nominated for office, and

in 1898 ran for Congress in the Seventh District of Massachusetts. His Democratic opponent was Walter Ramsdall, the notorious "labor" mayor of Lynn. So sturdy and true were the blows that Malloney struck that Ramsdall, after refusing to meet him in debate, found his campaign broken. Malloney addressed every town and city in the district, and the present vigorous growth of the Party there is traceable to the fight which Malloney conducted in 1898.

It is largely due to his work that the Canadian Rev. Herbert Casson, a peculiarly fishy character, who tried to ride the American Labor Movement, was shown up in his true colors. At first it seemed that misplaced sympathy for Casson would tear asunder not only the section at Lynn, but also the Party throughout the state. The question was fought out on the ground of whether or not Casson should be allowed to place himself above the Party and use it for his own ends. The skill with which Malloney presented the Party's side won the day. Casson was driven from the ranks, and

has since been a rolling stone. At once the Lynn section of the Socialist Labor Party felt the good effects of his absence.

The demand for Malloney as a speaker and his great force and readiness on the stump led the section members to elect him State Organizer in 1899. He proceeded to work, and at the time of the Kangaroo episode had several sections and locals of the S. T. & L. A. under way. The trouble forced him to withdraw temporarily from the work of organizing, and for the next few months he devoted his energy to drawing the sections into shape. This he was successful in doing, and when it was accomplished he returned to the work of new organizations.

The early age at which he went to work left him with but little education. When he commenced to work for the Party, he recognized the necessity for training, and with characteristic thoroughness he engaged a teacher, and spent his evenings in the hardest kind of study. He hewed his whole way through the solid rock, and it has told

Workingmen of all Countries,
unite. You have nothing to
lose but your chains, and a
world to gain.



FOR VICE-PRESIDENT:
VALENTINE REMMEL,
OF PENNSYLVANIA.

upon his whole character. No obstacle hinders him; no amount of hard work tires him; no difficulty discourages him.

As a candidate Malloney possesses all the strongest points of the Party which made him its candidate. As a man he possesses the best intelligence, of the working class. Malloney is an indication of the new life and the new blood of the S. L. P. There is no doubt but that he will, as he has done in the minor campaigns in which he has figured, surprise and dismay the old parties by the vigor and force of the fight he will conduct.

Valentine Remmel was born in the City of Pittsburg, Pa., on the 10th of March, 1853, of German parents, who emigrated to this country in 1845.

His father at once went to work in a coal mine, and mined coal in the Pittsburg coal district until 1863 when, being injured in the mines, he had to quit work, as he was disabled for life.

This incident forced young Valentine to leave school and go to work to help

support the family, he being the only son out of four children.

At the age of eleven he went to work in Atterbury's glass factory as a carrying-in boy. At the age of eighteen he had finished his trade as glass blower and has been working at it ever since.

In the year 1876 Remmel, along with his fellow craftsmen, organized the glassworkers into the Knights of Labor. It was soon found that this form of trades union did not suit the glassworkers' ideas of trades union, on account of the affiliation with so many unskilled workers. In 1879 they organized the A. F. G. W. U.

In November of 1881 when the American Federation of Trades had its first convention in Pittsburg and were first organized, Remmel was elected a delegate from his local union, and took an active part in having his trade connect itself with the Federation. That organization has since changed its name to the A. F. of L.

Remmel was always active in the trades union movement, and has served it in every capacity from outer guard

to president, as well as delegate to various conventions of his organization and delegate to trade councils, etc., where he had considerable experience in the "boring from within" process and has profited by it.

Remmel became a member of the Socialist Labor Party in 1896, and at once was active in bringing about an American section of the Party in Pittsburg. He has been actively engaged in the movement ever since. In June of 1898 he was elected secretary of the Pennsylvania State Committee, and has been its secretary ever since.

Remmel, bowing to the will of the Party, never shrank from standing as the Party's candidate during the campaigns. Thus he has run for Congress in his district, has been candidate for Mayor of Pittsburg, and last year he was placed on the ticket for judge of the Superior Court. Remmel became a member of Local Alliance 180 of the S. T. & L. A. in the fall of 1899.

Prior to becoming a Socialist Remmel called himself an independent in politics.

THE TERRA COTTA INDUSTRY

Its Development Under the Management of Capitalist McIntosh, with a Description of His Methods.

MISERABLE CONDITION OF THE TERRA COTTA WORKERS.

A comparatively insignificant news item in the DAILY PEOPLE of July 8, suggested to me a story of the growth of building material, the use of which has become inevitable in the construction of modern steel buildings. The item referred to is this: a bottle of beer exploded; a splinter of glass from the bottle hitting in the neck, and cutting the jugular vein of a skilled workman in the terra cotta works of the National Fireproofing Company at Port Murray, New Jersey.

About a half a generation ago, a capitalist contractor—technically a master plasterer of Boston, Mass., but like all capitalists who survive in the field of slaughter, i. e., competition, a banker, mine owner, etc. etc.—erected a terra cotta factory on one edge of a large tract of marsh land which comprises several square miles in the adjoining municipalities of Lynn, Saugus and Revere. The

factory was placed on the Revere side of the immense clay bed, or marsh referred to, because the object of the owner of the terra cotta factory, Mr. McIntosh, like all capitalists, was production for sale. Boston being the market for his product, he naturally placed his factory in Revere, as Revere is the nearest part of this marsh whence the clay to make the terra cotta must come.

What Terra Cotta Is. Terra cotta is a kind of brick, supposed to be fire-proof. That perhaps is the reason so many mysterious fires occurred at McIntosh's factory in Revere, Mass. Since the awful heat which the "skilled workmen" in terra cotta have to put up with at the factories could not burn, the fire-proof of terra cotta, it follows that the skilled workmen at \$10.00 per week must be fire-proof too, because the factory burned down twice and neither brick nor wage-slave would burn.

Did somebody whisper "insurance?"

Well, what was insured? the factory,—yes the factory might have been; the product of proletarian hands is never insured for them, and never will be until such time as they lose confidence in their masters and false leaders and rely on knowledge of their own for "eternal vigilance is the price of liberty." When they learn to trust themselves, mysterious fires will not burn the product of their toil. Until such time fires will burn the factories built by them but owned by their masters, and although the fire destroys the property the master does not lose anything, thanks to insurance.

How Terra-Cotta Is Made, and What It Is Made Of.

Terra cotta is made by mixing a compound of common clay, sand, and sawdust, and crushing into a pulp, rendered plastic by water, and passing through a mold where it is cut to the shape desired. In the olden days this would have to be dried in the sun like a common brick, but this would be a very crude way, and would meet with about as much success as Juan Fernandez did when trying to make earthenware in his lonely island.

"What odd, misshapen, ugly things I made," he says, "how many of them fell out, and how many of them fell in." So it would be with terra cotta if depending on the sun to dry them. Some terra cotta blocks weigh 50 lbs., so it would be impossible to dry them as they would be crushed out of shape, owing to the weight of the blocks had it not been for steam. The blocks are made in a great variety of shapes to suit the requirements of modern architecture. As the blocks are molded, they are placed on a tray, slid on to a car by means of belting, the car once filled is run on tracks into a steam drying house, there to remain until it is hard. It is then put into the kiln to be

burned. During the burning process the sawdust in the composition of the block is burnt, leaving it porous and light.

How Mr. McIntosh Outclassed All Rival Plastering Contractors.

Mr. McIntosh would bid for not only the plastering of new buildings, but also for the lining or filling up of the inside of the wall, which is done with terra cotta.

If other contractors contested for orders with him, they would be obliged to purchase their terra cotta from him, and his being the only factory in the vicinity to amount to anything, they would have to pay his price; so here was one more case of the idiosyncrasy of "free competition."

Criminal Extortion in the Factory. Mr. McIntosh had a superintendent in his terra cotta factory at Revere, Mass., by the name of Chisholm. Chisholm had the power to hire and discharge the men. His methods were to charge such men as wanted a team to drive \$10, and then worry them until he got them to get out, and take \$10 more to fill the vacancy. When it is understood that teamsters make two trips to Boston daily, and that each trip meant all the way from ten to fifteen or eighteen miles with four-horse wagons, that could not go faster than a walk, and reckoning the time it takes to load and unload, some idea can be gained of what a teamster had to do for a day's work.

Chisholm did an employment office business that was certainly up to date, as I know of cases of teamsters who had put up the required \$10 only to be forced out in a few weeks.

Consolidation of the Different Terra-Cotta Factories of the Eastern States Into the Trusts.

In the fall of 1898, and several times within a year from that time, experts called to Revere, Mass., to get a lay of the land in the terra cotta business. The result of this exploration was that

the factories in the vicinity of all the large eastern cities where raw-material clay abounded—among them being the factory at Revere, Mass., Port Murray, N. J., and East Palestine, O.—were bought up by a Mr. Linaweaver, who immediately sold them out to the Henry Brothers, of the National Fireproofing Company, of the Carnegie Building, Pittsburg, Pa.

Two transfers of terra cotta ownership were bulletined at the Recorder's office in as many weeks; first from McIntosh to Linaweaver, then from Linaweaver to the Henry Brothers—the National Fireproofing Company—another bombshell into the false cry of "Down with the Trusts!"

"Reward of Merit."

When the National Fireproofing Company took control, retrocession, economy, and, of course, expansion, was the battle cry. When the change came Chisholm—whose predominant passion seemed to be a desire to be drunk enough night and day, to unload a supply of blasphemies daily that would do honor to old Pluto, and, incidentally, to drive out another teamster a la \$10 for his substitute—had to go to make room for a new man who held even a longer whip, but Chisholm got a good recommendation from his old employer which secured him the superintendence of a small terra cotta factory, that was just started at Newburyport, Mass., to "down the trust" in spite of the fact that the charges of his extortion on teamsters had been reported to McIntosh.

What the Change of Ownership Meant to the "Skilled Workmen" in Terra Cotta.

An organization of the factory at Revere, Mass., was immediately begun when the trust took control. Subdivision of the workmen, several new machines, fire kilns, etc., were put in, and then what do you suppose followed? A reduction in the hours of labor or an increase in salary? Not.

The hours of labor are ten daily, with two holidays in the year, i. e., Fourth of

July and Christmas, for which, of course, they are not paid.

The reorganization of the factory, new machinery, etc., reduced the number of employees greatly, while it increased the output of the factory almost doubly, with a possibility of further increase in product when demand requires it.

When the new machinery was running smoothly, a "readjustment of wages" was next in order. The skilled workmen, receiving heretofore the munificent sum of \$10 a week, were notified that since they transferred their skill from their brains to the new machine, henceforth said machine, being even a better worker than they, would be expected to contribute \$1 a week each to the machine as wages for the work it was doing, and they could share the blessings of civilization at the rate of \$9 a week.

Superstitions and Prejudices of the Working Class Fitted Against the Scientific Cunning of the Capitalist Class.

A few incidents in the history of this factory will illustrate the above. In a conversation with the superintendent after the reorganization occurred, he told me the following, which I verified later on by investigation:

Before the trust took control a number of men were required to compound and mix the elements which compose terra cotta—clay, sand and sawdust. Those men and power at any time to refuse to work, and thereby cripple the factory. This the employer's scientific intellect clearly saw. It looked to him like a club poised over his head liable to fall at any time. To gain possession of this club was the task now to be accomplished. How well the capitalists succeeded can be told by the ten or twelve skilled workmen who are now on their uppers looking for work, also by the capitalist who has no more nightmares of an awful club going to fall. A machine was introduced which does all the work of those ten or twelve "skilled workmen," and does it much better, because it not only mixes just as well as the "skilled workmen"

could, but it pulverizes the component parts under its ponderous weight of several tons, crushing stones or anything that might be in the clay, which heretofore would have to be picked out.

Have Wrought by the Race and Religion Pooled Called Education Injected Into the Workers.

In this factory tending this ponderous clay mixer and crusher, which sent the "skilled workmen" on tramp, were four men. We will identify them by numbers. Nos. 1, 2, 3, were Irishmen and Roman Catholics. No. 4 was an orange-man, and perhaps suspected of the awful crime of being an A. P. A. No. 1 was given charge of the little gang. Bickings and recriminations were of daily occurrence on the respective merits of "Bloody Mary" and "Voluptuous Sam" of Cromwell and James II. Not one of the four knew anything of the geography or the history of any of the heroes.

Meanwhile the awful fires of religious hatred being ignited began to crush No. 4, the Orangeman, to such an extent that his burden increased daily, while that of his Christian brothers, Nos. 1, 2, 3, decreased proportionately. A limit was soon reached. A scrap took place, and an appeal to higher authority. An investigation followed. The disposition of the case shows how the capitalist, by first feeding the workers on religious superstition—called education—cruelly turns them into an instrument of self-torture, and incidentally increases his wrath.

The superintendent discharged No. 1, who was boss of the little gang, and No. 4—the "d-d Orangeman"—was and had the tables turned, giving No. 4 power to compel Nos. 2 and 3 to do more work now than was done by the whole four of them before. No. 1 was now given an opportunity to "pray" to his heart's content, and so he did to all the

(Continued on page 8.)

OFFICIAL.

NATIONAL EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.
Henry Kuhn, Secretary, 2-6 New Road street, New York.

NATIONAL BOARD OF APPEALS.—Thomas C. Sauter, Secretary, 64 Haver street, Providence, R. I.

SOCIALIST LABOR PARTY OF CANADA.—F. J. Darch, Secretary, 110 Dundas street, Market square, London, Ontario.

NEW YORK LABOR NEWS COMPANY.—2-6 New Road street. (The Party's literary agency.)

Notice.—For technical reasons, no Party announcements can go in that are not in this office by Tuesdays, 10 p. m.

NATIONAL EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

The regular meeting of the National Executive Committee of the Socialist Labor Party was held at the Daily People building on Monday evening, July 2. Kevney in the chair.

Receipts for the week, \$14.50; expenses, \$56.93.

Section Haverhill reported the election of Ernest Penobly as organizer.

Charts were granted to new sections at Greenock, Pa., and Grand Rapids, Michigan.

JOSEPH SAUTER,
Rec. Sec'y pro tem.

The regular meeting of the National Executive Committee of the Socialist Labor Party was held at the Daily People building on Monday evening, July 10. Forbes in the chair.

Receipts for the week, \$41; expenses, \$37.60.

Richard Koeppl, of Milwaukee, Wis., was elected editor of the Socialistiche Arbeiter-Zeitung, in the place of Max Forster, resigned.

Section Cincinnati reported the expulsion of Harry Benjamin for treason to the Party.

Section Riverside, Cal., reported the suspension of J. L. Jeffers for neglect in payment of dues.

JULIAN PIERCE,

Recording Secretary

The regular meeting of the National Executive Committee of the Socialist Labor Party was held at the DAILY PEOPLE Building on Monday evening, July 16. Sauter in the chair. Present: Sauter, Forbes, Kevney and Pierce. Absent on DAILY PEOPLE business: Forster, Wherry and Hosman. Receipts for the week, \$30.40; expenditures, \$46.54.

A communication was received from Section Pittsburgh requesting that Maloney and De Leon be sent there as speakers during the S. T. & L. A. convention. Referred to the National Secretary.

A communication was received from Albert Schmutz, secretary of the Kentucky State Committee, announcing that all letters intended for him should be sent to his new address—1702 Edward street, Louisville, Ky.

A communication was received from Melko Meyer, secretary of the Michigan State Committee, announcing that all mail intended for him should be sent to his new address—1011 Hancock street, East, Detroit, Mich.

A communication was received from Section Hudson County, N. J., announcing the election of Charles E. Herrschaft as organizer.

The manager of the Labor News Company was instructed to determine the cost of publishing the proceedings of the National Convention.

Sections are again urged to settle forthwith for the assessment to defray the expenses of the Party's delegates to the International Congress. The time before the congress meets is short, and the work of the National Executive Committee will be greatly facilitated by the prompt settlement for these assessment stamps.

Adjourned.

JULIAN PIERCE,
Recording Secretary.

ST. PAUL, MINN., July 2, 1000.—At the regular meeting the following were present: S. Johnson, Potter, J. W. Johnson, Spettel, Hansen. Communications from Duluth, Winona, Milaca, Hering, Sturgeon Lake, Minn.; Los Angeles, Cal.; Seattle, Wash.; and New York City were disposed of. H. W. Bodholdt of Birch Creek was elected a member-at-large. Reports of treasurer for last half year showed total receipts of \$87.31 and disbursements of \$50.80. The vote on State Secretary was unanimous for Charles G. Davidson, and he was declared elected. For members of the State Committee vote was:

St. Paul Minn's Total.
R. Peterson 4
A. L. Worn 9
N. L. Casperson 6
Geo. F. Spettel 12
D. A. Potter 11
B. Johnson 6
C. Hansen 9
E. Lindhorn 6
P. Pedersen 1
J. W. Johnson 14
O. B. Olson 9
W. B. Hammond 13

On motion, the following, having received the most votes, were declared elected: Geo. F. Spettel, D. A. Potter, B. Johnson, C. Hansen, J. W. Johnson, O. B. Olson, and W. B. Hammond. The County Committee then adjourned sine die.

The newly elected committee was called to order, with all members present, except Olson and Hansen, and organized by electing W. B. Hammond recording secretary and D. A. Potter, treasurer. Appropriations for due stamps, \$10, and miscellaneous expenses, \$3.31, were made. Receipts since June meeting were \$9.00. It was decided to continue meeting regularly on the first Monday of each month.

W. B. HAMMOND,
Recording Secretary.

Idle Capitalists.

(Continued from page 1.)

months, yet every business in which these bandits are interested goes along just the same. The fireman shovels up the coal and stokes the locomotive just as well, the hog-killer kills hogs just as dexterously, and the miner hammers his pick just as deep into the earth, and, in short, the whole industrial system goes on just as well as though the yacht owners were on the spot.

What then becomes of this capitalist contention that the capitalists "manage" the industries? Can an Armour manage a hog-killing factory in Chicago when he is coasting along the shores of Italy?

Can a Gould manage a railroad in New York when he is thousands of miles away among the ice-cliffs of Iceland? No. They cannot do it. No man living could do it. And when the political economists, whom these self-same capitalists have educated, attempt to justify the perpetual plunder of the working class by the capitalist class on the ground that the profits of the capitalist class are the "wages of management," when these subsidized political economists make such a contention they simply show to what a depth of sophistry and wilful falsifying they can sink.

The Goulds, the Sterns, the Armours, are a burden on the shoulders of the working class.

They perform no useful work.

They produce nothing of service to mankind, yet they consume everything.

They make no clothing, yet they wear the finest of silk and satin.

They produce no foods, yet the choicest of viands are theirs every day in the year.

They produce no shelter, yet they live in palaces, and travel in Pullman cars and private yachts.

On the other hand the working class do all the useful work of society.

The working class produce their own shoddy, and the silks and satins that grace the forms of the capitalists.

The working class produce the dirty tenements in which they live, and at the same time they produce the palaces in which their masters debauch.

The working class produce their own unhealthy, sodden food, and at the same time they produce the table luxuries that load down the tables of the rich.

The working class produce every ear that speeds across the continent, yet when they take a ride themselves they go in the smoker, and leave the Pullman for the exploiter.

The working class produce every vessel whose gunwale cuts water on the Atlantic or Pacific, yet when they go from country to country in search of a market for their labor power, they go steerage, while their exploiters luxuriate in the first cabin.

The capitalist class is a useless class.

The capitalist system of production is a useless system of production.

The capitalist system of government is a useless system of government and is only used to enslave the working class.

The working class is the only useful class in society to-day.

It is the brain of society and the brawn of society.

Down with capitalism!
Up with the Socialist Republic!

DAILY PEOPLE GENERAL FUND.

Previously acknowledged, \$13,226.08
Received from Daily People Conference, per E. Siff, financial secretary, 125.00
Received from Daily People Committee, per Hugo Vogt, cashier, 30.20
Received for Minor fund from H. Carless, collection at New Jersey State Convention, \$2.37;
16th Assembly District, collected at picnic of District, New York, \$3.25; George J. Hunt, Taunton, Mass., \$3.00
Total, \$13,392.95
Previously acknowledged, \$13,392.95
Received from Daily People Conference, per E. Siff, financial secretary, 75.00
Received from Joseph H. Sauter, treasurer Daily People Concert, on March 25, 30.00
Received from Ninth Congressional District, proceeds of the theatrical performance, per F. Frankel, 18.00
Received for Minor fund from W. W. Townsend, Washington, C. J. C. 10; Joseph Finkbohner, Philadelphia, \$1.30; F. Kochendorfer, Albany, 40 cents; Charles Sobey, New Haven, \$1.15; sale of Kangaroo song, New Haven, 16 cents; collected by Mrs. Mary Ballhaus, Cincinnati, O., \$3; Jacob Weiss, Brooklyn, \$1.10
Total, \$13,534.96
HENK KUHN,
Financial Secretary-Treasurer.

SAN ANTONIO, TEX., July 12, 1900.—At a meeting of Section San Antonio on the 9th inst., the following comrades were duly elected to serve as the State Committee of the Socialist Labor Party of Texas for the ensuing year: Frank Leitner, Charles Mierow, A. Leitner, A. L. Mills, Charles Pollard, Charles Werner, Samuel J. Garrison.

On the 11th inst., the above-mentioned comrades (all being present except Comrade Mierow) met in a special session and organized as the State Committee of the S. L. P. for Texas. The officers elected are as follows:

State Organizer—Frank Leitner, 226 Centre street, San Antonio.
Financial Secretary and Treasurer—A. L. Mills, Room 24, Alamo Ins. Bldg., San Antonio.
Recording and Corresponding Secretary—Samuel J. Garrison, 719 N. Flores street, San Antonio.

A State Convention is called to meet in San Antonio on the 22d inst., to nominate candidates and Presidential electors, and to provide for the campaign.

SAMUEL J. GARRISON,
Recording and Corresponding Sec'y.

NEWPORT WEDDING.

Henry O. Havemeyer Jr. Takes A Wife.

Wealth Lavished Upon Decorations.—The Sugar Trust, Which is Republican in Republican Districts and Democratic in Democratic Districts, But in All Districts Labor-Fleeing, Breaks Forth Into Flowers and Bunting.

NEWPORT, R. I., July 11.—The wedding of Mr. Henry O. Havemeyer, Jr., third son of the late Theodore A. Havemeyer, of New York, to Miss Charlotte Whiting, daughter of the late Augustus Whiting, also of Newport, took place shortly before noon of the 11th inst. The wedding was attended by a large number of the cottages colony. It was the most luxurious wedding that Newport has seen since that of the groom's sister, last season. The wedding was set for 11 o'clock and long before that hour the avenue in front of "Swanhurst," the Rives' villa, was crowded with people, all anxious to see the guests, who began to arrive about 10.30. Not only was the villa decorated for the occasion, but the spacious lawns were studded with tents for smoking and bands, while in front of the piazza was a large tent in which the 200 guests sat down to the wedding breakfast.

The ceremony took place in the drawing room, and was performed by Rev. Father William B. Meann, of St. Mary's Church. Four sanctuary boys, in their white surplices, were also in attendance. The ceremony was performed under a gothic arch, completely covered with the fernlike asparagus plumosa, festooned with clusters of Augusta Victoria roses, lily of the valley, and white orchids, tied with large bows of white satin ribbon. This arch was banked on either side with tall, graceful palms and rare foliage plants. Through the long drawing room there were placed graded columns of pure white, garlanded with rich green vines and festooned with white jessamine. Broad white ribbons were fastened to each column, with long streamers, thereby forming a complete aisle through the centre of the room up to the gothic arch, through which the bridal party passed. The effect in the room was white and green. The bridal party marched to the altar to the strains of the Bridal Chorus from the Lohengrin, the bride being escorted by Mr. Rives. She was becomingly gowned in white lace, with veil of the same material, and carried a bouquet of lilies of the valley, bride roses and gardenias. The only jewel worn by her was diamond earrings, a solitaire surrounded with smaller stones. She was preceded by her maids, Miss Lily Oelrichs, the cousin of the groom, and Miss Natica Rives, a cousin of the bride. These young ladies were gowned in white silk crepe, with a jacket of old Spanish lace, and wore white leghorn hats trimmed with pink roses and white chiffon. They carried bouquets of pink roses. The ushers were Messrs. Harry Boocock, of Brooklyn, and J. M. McCormick, of Chicago, classmates of the groom at Yale College. The gift to the ushers were pearl horseshoe pins.

The bridal party was met at the altar by the groom and his best man, brother, Mr. Fred C. Havemeyer, where the ceremony was performed. Satin cushions were placed under the arch for them to kneel on. The ceremony was most impressive. After the ceremony the couple received the congratulations of their friends while standing under the arch, and then repaired to the piazza for the breakfast, the guests going to the tent on the lawn.

The dining room was decorated in a similar manner to the drawing room. Through the library and parlors were placed large vases of American Beauty roses. The verandah, where the bridal table was set, was beautifully banked with tall palms, and the table covered with lilies of the valley, white roses and jessamine. The tent was completely banked on all sides with rich green foliage and large clusters of flowers, and the thirty-eight round tables in the tent were decorated with large baskets of pink sweet peas. On the bride's table was a large wedding cake, which was cut by the bride. During the breakfast a military band, stationed on the lawn, rendered a pleasing program. The entrance hall at Swanhurst was a complete bower of palms, trailing vines and pink roses, which formed a half curtain, breaking the view from the driveway. The grand stairway was massed with rich green foliage, festooned with large bunches of pink roses tied with broad ribbons. The decorations were by Wadley & Smythe.

The presents received by the young couple were both numerous and costly, and came from all parts of the world. Mr. and Mrs. Havemeyer left on their wedding tour, which will extend until next January, they sailing for Europe on the 25th of this month. They will make their home in New York, and it is likely that they will build a villa at Newport.

Hutchins Economist.

(Continued from page 1.)

raw material is produced, cannot fail to be productive of large fortunes."

Labor saving machinery can only become more profitable according as there is a sale for the products of the labor used up in operating the machinery. The needs of the Philippine laborer are much less than the needs of the American laborer. With machinery to aid his labor, the American mechanic can produce enough in six months to keep the American contented healthy for a year. It is therefore a legitimate presumption that the wants of the Philippines in three months. What are these "oriental capitalists," of whom Hutchins will we one, going to do with that machinery and those Philippines for the remaining nine months of the year? Put them to making articles of merchandise to be sure. For whom? The Filipinos? No—their consuming power has been satisfied. For whom, then? Why, for the Americans of course. Just as the cotton manufacturers of the United States are moving their mills to the South and there employing cheap labor, and driving the New England operative to the poor house, just so will they transfer other industries to the Philippines, and there amass "large fortunes," as Hutchins puts it, by using the CHEAP LABOR of the Philippines to displace the DEAR LABOR of the United States.

We begin to see, in these gala days of expansion the true inwardness of this great enthusiasm for colonial possessions. At first the only motive of the capitalists was to "free an enslaved race." Now we see that by freedom these capitalists mean the coining of "large fortunes" for themselves.

And the political economy of Hutchins and his Washington "Times" is a good illustration of the meaning of terms used by the capitalist class. By CHEAP LABOR they mean labor that is highly productive and that they can get along on low wages. By DEAR LABOR they mean labor that is highly productive, but that also demands wages more in proportion to their productivity.

To-day, many American capitalists have prison contracts, by which they get prison labor for a song. Shortly, these contracts will expire, and about that time they will transfer their prison plants to the Philippines, there to have them operated by labor that is cheaper than the cheapest convict that ever wore stripes in Sing Sing.

THE TERRA COTTA INDUSTRY.

(Continued from page 5.)

politicians and powers to use their "influence" to get him a job again in the terra cotta factory.

Humane Capitalism Turns the Horse Out to Grass.

The fact that the factory at Revere, Mass., is the only one of any productive capacity in New England, the next factory of the company being at Port Murray, N. J., opens up a wonderful development for this factory at Revere. The product must be sent to all the large cities where "sky-scrapers" are being erected. Transportation is a very important feature, consequently plenty of raw material is being purchased, giving an outlet to the Boston and Maine Railroad. A connection is to be made; the blocks will be loaded on freight cars at the factory, the horses and the blacksmiths, and all other encumbrances of a cruder age—such as harness-makers, hay and grain makers, and the hundred and one other "skilled trades" will get a squeeze, and be turned out to grass.

As shown in this story of capitalist development of this factory, a wonderful improvement of the condition of the capitalists who own it goes on all the time. Now, why does not the condition of the worker improve also?

Why do they get less while the capitalist gets more? Because the capitalists make the laws that say he owns this machinery, this factory. If the workmen, who are now getting lower wages (while the National Fireproofing Company takes higher dividends) and who have had to step out on tramp when the machine stepped in—if these workmen owned this factory, every machine that was put in would mean a reduction of their burden of toil and an increase in the product, which would then be theirs.

There is no longer any escape. The workmen are up against it whether they turn. The battle must be fought out right where the workers are. The workmen cannot dodge the issue. Their ballot must be cast for the rights of their class—the working class. They must refuse to vote for the capitalist class. No matter what the name of the capitalist party, it stands for the private ownership of the tools without which the workingman cannot live. The class-conscious army—the Socialist Labor Party, that knows no race, no creed, no color—is the army to which all workmen should attach themselves to down the capitalist class.

DONATIONS TO THE DAILY PEOPLE.

Received up to July 16 from: A. C. Kihn, Brooklyn, \$4; Yorkville Socialist Educational Association, per S. Klein, Kihn, Brooklyn, \$4; Yorkville Social Educational Association, per S. Klein, Kihn, Brooklyn, \$2; Patrick Murphy, Brooklyn, \$25; Excelsior Literary Society, New York, \$10; total, \$47.

HENK KUHN,
National Secretary.

Keep an eye on your wrapper. See when your subscription expires. Renew in time; it will prevent interruption in the mailing of the paper and facilitate work at the office.

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Socialistische ARBEITER-ZEITUNG

Owned and Published by the Socialist Labor Party.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.

SUBSCRIPTION PRICES.
One year \$1.00
Six months 50
Three months 25

BUSINESS OFFICE, 231 St. Clair street, Cleveland, O., where all money transmissions and business communications are to be directed.

Communications for the Editor should be addressed: Socialistiche Arbeiter-Zeitung, 2-6 New Road street, New York. P. O. Box 1574.

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